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Albert J. Southwick

THE HERMIT OF HAWAII

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A Comic Opera in Two Acts

By ARTHUR A. PENN

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CHARACTERS

Kanopoi	<i>Prince of Hilo</i>
Princess Kilani	<i>His Daughter</i>
Toto {		
Tata }	-----	<i>Her Attendants</i>
Napoopoo {		
Konobopo }	-----	<i>Hawaiian Nobles</i>
O Yo {		
Mee Tu }	-----	<i>The Three Wise Men</i>
Kahuna }		
Lieut. Paul C. Green	<i>Of the U. S. Navy</i>
Bosun Bill.	<i>Also of the U. S. Navy</i>
Takapili.	<i>The Oldest Inhabitant</i>
Mi Yi.	<i>A Fisherman</i>
Chorus of Villagers, Men and Maidens, Fishermen, Guards, etc.		

ACT I.

On the Beach at Molono—Noon.

ACT II.

The Glade of the Moon—Before the Dawn,
and After.

TIME

Just prior to the American Occupation of the
Hawaiian Islands.

The Hermit of Hawaii

ACT I.

(Scene—The Beach at Molono. In the background the blue waters of the Pacific, with the coast line of Hawaii stretching away to the left. A native hut on the right, with entrances also R1 and R3.. On the left, palm trees and cocoanut trees; entrances L1, L2 and L3. The curtain rises on a group of Hawaiian fishermen and village maidens who are enjoying themselves after the fashion of picnickers anywhere else in the world.)

No. 1. Introduction.

No. 2. Opening Chorus and Solos.

Let us introduce ourselves,
We're not fairies, gnomes nor elves;
We are natives of Hawaii,
Quite respectable
'Mid delectable,
Quaint Hawaii.

Please observe us as we munch,
That's because we're eating lunch;
See us in our native state,
Eating sandwiches
In a land which is
Up-to-date!

Ev'rybody loves a picnic,
And we're no exception to the rule!

Girls. For we like to prance
To a nimble dance! (*business*)

Men. And we like a kiss
From a picnic miss! (*business*)

All. Yes, ev'rybody loves a picnic!
Thus ourselves we introduce,
(Ev'ry Chorus has its use)—
We submit we do not look
Like the savages
Whose fierce ravages
Killed Cap. Cook!

Duet—Toto and Tata.

Two dainty maids in us you see,
The Princess's attendants we;
We're coy and simple and demure,
Of that you may be very sure,
You may be very sure!

The Hermit of Hawaii

Solo—Mi Yi.

Yes, yes, they're too demure for me,
 For I, alas, am constantly
 Endeavoring to press my suit
 On Toto or on Tata!
 I love them both with equal force,
 I'd marry both without remorse.
 But, "We consider you a brute!"
 Says Toto and says Tata!

Trio—Toto, Tata and Mi Yi.

Says Toto and says Tata!
 The love of a maid and the love of a man
 Have been a source of trouble since the world began;
 You try so hard some thing to gain,
 And when you've got it, you explain
 That anticipation
 And realization
 Are very, very, very, very, very different—
 Oh, very different!

Chorus.

We have introduced ourselves,
 Not as fairies, gnomes nor elves,
 But as natives of Hawaii,
 Quite respectable,
 In delectable,
 Quaint Hawaii.
 Aloha! Aloha! Aloha!

Toto (to Mi Yi). Now, don't bother me any more with your absurd love-making. Your suit is hopeless!

Tata. So far as *I* am concerned, your suit is worn out!

Toto. Yes, go and try it on some other girl.

Mi Yi. Very well, young ladies. I shall no longer press my suit. Doubtless I can persuade my tailor to do it for me! In the meantime, may I ask if it is because I am a poor fisherman that you spurn my affections—either of you? Or is it that your aspirations soar higher?

Toto. Maybe they do.

Tata. Goodness knows, they couldn't soar *lower*!

Mi Yi. Ah, I haven't sufficient bait, I suppose!

Toto. *We* refuse to be hooked by it, anyway!

Tata (looking out L.). Thank goodness, here's some diversion approaching.

Toto (looking over Tata's shoulders). Who is it?

Tata. It's poor old Takapili.

Mi Yi. Takapili! (*Aside.*) I never knew that prehistoric piece of antiquity to bear any but ill news yet. What now, I wonder!

(*Enter Takapili, L. 3.*)

No. 3. Song—Takapili.

Sing a song of centuries,
A body bent and double.
My own age, I venture, is
Quite as old as trouble!
People always stare at me,
Glare at me, swear at me—
Seem to think I'm always in the way.
That's the worst of being old,
World grows cold—youth is bold—
Nothing old, save wine, is good, they say!
Ha, ha, ha! Many things I've seen;
Many people I have known—where are they all today?
Ho, ho, ho! Still my wits are keen,
When anything is going on, I'm *always* in the way!
Sing a song of centuries,
A body bent and double.
My own age, I venture, is
Quite as old as trouble!

Takapili. Well, well, well! What's this? What's this? Youth cavorting again! There's been picnics in this spot, I recollect, for nigh on two hundred years. My mind goes back—

Mi Yi (*interrupting*). No history today, old man. Spring your latest bulletin.

Taka. The Prince has issued a new edict today. It's his one hundred and seventeenth and it's the most original of 'em all.

All. What is it? Speak up, old feather-duster!

Taka. Aye, the feathers in my duster are gathered from your feather brains. But no matter. The Prince's latest edict is—stay, I have it here in writing. (*Produces paper.*)

Mi Yi (*impatiently snatching it from him*). Here, give it to me! I will read it to them. Your voice, old man, is not half as loud as—

Taka. * * * your manners, young upstart! Well, read on, and much good may it do you!

Mi Yi (*reads*). "I, Kanopoi, Prince of Hilo, decree that for a period of one year from today, it shall be and is a grave offense, felony and crime for any person of either sex to fall in love with anybody. All persons found guilty of this crime shall be summarily punished—to-wit, either by instant marriage to the object of their affection, or, if they prefer it, instant execution."

All. Well! Of all the rank injustice! Shame on the Prince!

Toto. I don't fear that edict one little bit! Pooh! I shall *gladly* be punished!

Tata. You don't mean you want to be executed?

Toto. Silly child! Of course not. But there is the *alternative* punishment!

Tata. Then you want to be married instantly?

Toto. Certainly. What girl doesn't?

Tata. I do! Oh, I will confess my crime to the Prince to-day! *Dear Konobopo! (rapturously).*

Toto (sighs). *Dear Napoopoo!* I will sacrifice myself for thee!

Mi Yi (aside). I thought as much! They are actually in love with those two noblemen! What effrontery!

Toto. (to Mi Yi). What's that? Say, nothing is too high for woman to soar to!

Tata. I should say not—not when it comes to matrimony! Why, if there were no other man on earth available, woman would soar—and soar—and soar, until she married the man in the *moon!*

Mi Yi. Aye, and then *he'd* be sore!

No. 4. Quartette—Toto, Tata, Mi Yi and Takapili.

Toto and Tata.

When it comes to curiosity,
Ladies all display velocity,—
All inheriting
Love of ferreting
Out the reasons *why* and *when!*

Mi Yi and Takapili.

All such traits are reprehensible,
Thank the gods, we men are sensible!
Women curious
Make us furious—
Would that all the world were men!

Toto and Tata.

What we want to know is this:
If we offered him a kiss,
Would the Man in the Moon up there
Stoop to conquer lady fair?

Mi Yi and Takapili.

To your question we reply:
Wise is the Man in the Moon on high—

Far removed in safety, he
Smiles on woman's coquetry!
Would that *we* were with him, too,
Far away from the likes of you!

Toto and Tata.

When it comes to curiosity,
Ladies all display velocity,
 All inheriting
 Love of ferreting
Out the reasons *why* and *when*!

Mi Yi and Takapili.

All such traits are reprehensible,
Thank the gods, we men are sensible!
 Women curious
 Make us furious—
Would that all the world were men!

No. 5. Chorus.

Girls. Off to our duties and off to our chores,
Washing the dishes and sweeping the floors.
 The picnic is ended—
 There's clothes to be mended,
No Hawaiian lady her duty ignores!

Men. Back to the ocean, the bait and the hook,
Back to the fish that our sweethearts shall cook;
 Though there's pleasure in leisure
 In generous measure—
There's plenty of pleasure in work, if you look.

All. Off to our duties and off to our chores,
Tempus is fugiting fast!

Girls. So back to our dishes!

Men. And back to the fishes!

All. Our picnic's a thing of the past!

(Exeunt Chorus R and L, with Toto, Tata, Mi Yi and Takapili.)

Enter Napoopoo and Konobopo, L 3.)

Napoopoo. The Prince and his edicts are becoming intolerable! The latest exhibition of his ridiculous attempts at law-making is past belief!

Konobopo. It is, indeed, absurd. But why should *you* be perturbed? Surely no one is likely to fall in love with *you*!

Nap. Don't be too sure of that. I am handsome and attractive and in every sense a fine figure of a man. Moreover, I am rich. If the ladies do not fall in love with *me*, they will at least be anxious to embrace my pocket-book!

Kono. As for me, I should worry. Love! Pish! ! In fact, I may say, Tush!

Nap. Ah, but Konobopo, it is clear as Hawaiian skies to me why the Prince has issued this edict. He knows I love his daughter madly.

Kono. (*feigning surprise*). What! The Princess Kilani!

Nap. Ah, yes. (*He sighs heavily.*)

Kono. (*aside*). Poor fool! I will force him to declare himself to her this very day and inform the Prince. (*To Napoopoo*). And does the Princess return your devotion, my good Napoopoo?

Nap. Alas, yes; but not in the way I would choose. She persists in returning it on each occasion that I offer it to her.

Konobopo. In plain language, then, she spurns it! Be not discouraged, however. Keep on hoping. Continue to woo her ardently. Lose no opportunity and watch your chance. In short,—get busy!

(*Exit Konobopo, R 3, waving adieu to Napoopoo.*)

Napoopoo. Excellent advice! My heart already beats faster with hope. Never shall the fires of my love become like those of yon volcano—extinct and dead. Rather would I perish!

No. 6. Song—Napoopoo.

The love that burns within my heart
Is as quenchless fire—
Whose flames are fed on passion, till
They rise up high, and higher!
Ah, would my lady's eyes, so bright,
That amorous fire reflected!
Then would I fear no chilling slight,
Nor find my love rejected!
Mysterious love!
Your ways are past explaining.
To some you bring a wedding-ring,
While others' hopes are waning.
Ah, what fate is mine?
O, grant one boon, I pray:
Give me my love to hold for aye,
Mysterious Love,—divine!

(*Enter Kilani, R 1, who starts when she sees Napoopoo, and appears impatient.*)

Kilani. I did not know you were here. You are worse than rent-day so far as the regularity of your coming around is concerned.

Nap. Would that your *Highness* would be graciously pleased to come around,—to my way of thinking, I mean!

Kil. No more of that; I beg you, sir. I am looking for my maids, Toto and Tata. Have you seen them?

Nap. Not I. I can see no one but you. My love blinds me to all else.

Kill. You are foolish indeed to talk like that. What if anyone were to hear you?

Nap. I care not who hears! Is my love a thing to be ashamed of?

Kilani (dryly). You know best as to that. I was referring to the danger you are running.

Nap. Danger?

Kil. Yes, danger. You know the terms of my father's edict, I suppose!

Nap. Yes, I do! But I defy them! Besides, what if the Prince *docs* convict me under his ridiculous edict? He will sentence me to one of two things—instant marriage to the object of my affection—(*he bows to her*)—or instant execution, which is unthinkable!

Kilani. And what if the object of your affection, as you call her, declines to accede to such summary disposition, as she most certainly would, I do assure you!

Nap. You cannot mean, Princess, that you would see me executed before your very eyes!

Kil. (coldly). I see no other outcome. Have I not told you I hate you? I will marry no one. The edict has no terrors for me, for there is no man on this island for whom I could care two straws!

(*Konobopo is seen listening stealthily behind a tree, L 3.*)

Napoopoo. Nevertheless, it is the privilege of a woman to change her mind. Would that I could induce you to change your mind and your name at the same time!

Kil. Never! I hate you, sir, I say! (*Stamps her foot.*)

Nap. (ardently). And I love you, Princess!

(*Exit Konobopo, L 3.*)

No. 7. Duet—Napoopoo and Kilani

Napoopoo. Oh, listen to my tale of love,
To me 'tis interesting!

Kilani. Such things to me, all things above,
Are food for scorn and jesting!

Napoopoo. Some day, perchance, you will relent,—
Some day, perhaps, you'll soften!

Kilani. Some day, perchance, you will repent
Of asking me so often!

The Hermit of Hawaii

Napoopoo. How I await it!

Together. Love, love—

Kilani. Oh, how I hate it!

Together. You'll soon get over it,
You'll soon repent!

Napoopoo. Love brings its own reward—

Kilani. And its punishment!

Napoopoo. Farewell, my Kilani—
For this one time I cease!

Kilani. Yes, yes,—go your way! And
Leave me here in peace!

Together Farewell!
Farewell!

(*Exit Napoopoo, R 2.*)

Kilani. Thank goodness, I've got rid of him again! Of all the pests, he is the worst. I wish I dared tell my father, but even *I* have a heart, though it's hard, maybe, for Napoopoo to credit it!

(*Enter Konobopo, with Toto and Tata clinging lovingly to either arm, L 3.*)

Konobopo (to Kilani). Your father approaches. (*He bows low.*) I have this moment left his Highness. I fear he is somewhat out of sorts.

Kilani. What has happened now, I wonder?

(*Enter Chorus, R and L, singing.*)

No. 8. Chorus.

The Prince of Hilo stalks along
The roadway from his palace—
And in his heart there is no song,
But in his eyes there's malice!
Oh, dear, whatever can the matter be!
Why does the Prince grow peeved?
If only he would laugh a bit, he'd fatter be,
So we've always believed!
Nevertheless, we guess,
The Prince we'd better hail!
So, hail, O Prince!
Even though you make us wince.
We must never fail
The Prince to hail.
So hail, O Prince!

(*Enter Prince Kanopoi, L 1.*)

No. 9. Song—The Prince (with Chorus).

It is my duty to confess
That I'm the Prince of Hilo—
And all you people here, I guess,
Had best keep quiet and lie low.
For I'm a man who will not stand
For any kind of nonsense—
At sentiment I am no hand,
I base my acts upon sense!
Oh, I'm a Prince,
I am,—and since
My mind its thoughts unloosens,
It seems to me
That gen'rally
I've proved myself a nuisance.
But just the same
It is my game
To be a modern Nero;
And though a Prince
I'll yet convince
These folks that I'm a hero!
The laws I make don't seem to be
Particularly happy;
My people greet 'em angrily,
With temper sour and snappy.
That doesn't worry me, for I'm
Nothing if not erratic,—
To glory I intend to climb
In manner autocratic.
Oh, I'm a Prince, (Etc.)

Prince. Well, and how do you like my latest edict?

All. We don't think much of it, your Highness.

Prince. It *does* seem rather harsh. But I cannot help myself. However much I dislike to issue these edicts, I am myself powerless in the matter, as I have so often explained to you. What the Hermit of Hawaii wills, *that* must be!

(*Enter Mi Yi and Takapili, in conversation, R 1.*)

Takapili. O mighty Prince, I am old and therefore privileged to ask a question.

Prince. Ask on, Methusaleh!

Takapili. Who is this mysterious Hermit of Hawaii? And why art thou, a great and powerful Prince, so afraid to disobey *his* behests?

Prince. Who he is, I know no more than thou, old man. He sends his messages in dreams, with dire threats!

All. Threats!

The Hermit of Hawaii

Prince. Aye! Threats of grave disaster to me, my people, and this very land itself, if I but dare to *think* of disregarding his commands!

Mi Yi. But who *is* he, your Highness?

Prince. Ignorant boy! The Hermit of Hawaii is my royal grandsire who lived and reigned gloriously many moons ago and mysteriously disappeared at the age of umpty-oomth.

Takapili. That's so. I remember him well. He had an evil eye. But where is this Hermit's retreat?

Prince. Buried beyond the reach of mortal man! Far up in the inaccessible depths of the rocky fastnesses of yon extinct crater—(*he points off L*)—whose purple mists forever hide the secret from the eyes of prying men, the Hermit of Hawaii passes his existence and expiates some unrevealed crime in his earthly career!

Takapili. If that's *his* punishment, I pity your Highness when *your* time comes.

Prince. What's that?

Takapili. I say, your Highness—(*shading his eyes with his hand and looking out L*)—that it's a *very* high mountain.

(*Kilani approaches.*)

Prince. Well, daughter, what will you?

Kilani. I pray you withdraw this edict.

Prince. It can't be done.

Kilani. But, father—(*pointing to all the people present*)—the inevitable result will be that everybody here will either have to marry at once or else be executed!

Prince. Why so?

Kilani. Because every man is in love with a woman and every woman loves a man.

Prince (*astonished*). Can it be possible?

The Men. It can!

The Girls. It IS!

Prince. They have pleaded guilty. Choose the sentence! Death or instant marriage! (*The girls and men fall on each other's necks, shouting, "Instant marriage!" with much spirit and unanimity.*)

The Girls. Oh, joy!

The Men. Oh, rapture! Let us hasten—

The Girls.

—to carry out—

The Men.

—the Court's sentence!

No. 10. Chorus (with Principals).

All. O joy, O rapture!

We go to serve our sentence.
In bondage we must pass our lives
As model husbands, model wives—
Let's hope there's no repentance!

Men. We trust we may have chosen right,—
This haste seems to take away our breath!
Some people hold that marriage is
Preferable to death.

Girls. No doubt we take an awful chance,
But we're really crazy to be wed!
And yet we can't help wondering
If we'd be better dead!

All. Away, away with doubts! Come, let us all rejoice!

The Prince.

In this particular instance none of you has any
choice!

All. O joy, O rapture! (Etc.)

(*Exeunt all, except Prince and Kilani.*)

Prince. I trust, my daughter, you will be circumspect in
your conduct while this new edict is in force. It would grieve
me exceedingly to have to sentence you either to the altar or
the halter!

Kilani. Not the slightest fear, dear father. There is no
man I have ever seen with whom I am in the remotest danger
of falling in love!

Prince. That is well, my child.

Kilani. But, on the other hand, my royal progenitor, there
are—(*significantly*)—those who persist in falling in love with
me!

Prince. Though I cannot blame them, yet I must punish
'em. Who are they?

(*Enter Toto and Tata*)

Toto (to Kilani). Oh, your highness! (*She stops on see-
ing the Prince.*)

Kilani. Father, run back to the palace and see if you can't
scare up another dream and some further instructions from the
Hermit.

Prince. A good idea, my love. I am drowsy. (*He winks
and walks towards L. Kilani is busy talking to Toto and Tata.*)
Ah, ha! The edict is all I could have wished! (*Looks at
Kilani.*) It has certainly settled the hash of that upstart, Na-
poopoo.

(Enter Konobopo, L 2)

Ah, Konobopo, well met! Walk with me to the palace.

Konobopo (cyeing Kilani). Aye, that I will. I have a matter of importance to communicate to your Highness. *(Exeunt Prince and Konobopo, L 2.)*

Kilani. And you say you are both in love with two nobles of my father's court! What presumption!

Toto. We want to be sentenced to marry instantly!

Tata. Yes, I want to be sentenced to Konobopo!

Toto. And I want to be sent up—to Napoopoo!

Kilani. But supposing *they* should prefer *death*?

Tata. We'll be the death of them!

Kilani. Well, I will report the matter to my father. But you are presumptuous maids indeed to aspire to the heart and hand of a noble!

No. 11. Trio—Kilani, Toto and Tata.

A cat—puss, puss—

Meow!—puss, puss—

A cat may look at a king.

Oh, that is a matter of history,—

Though why it should want to's a mystery

That's past unravelling.

But if a cat may do all that,

A girl with any gumption

May look with love a little above,

Without undue presumption!

That cats may look at a king, tra la,

A prince or any old thing, tra la,

That love is levelling, tra la,

Are facts all frayed and worn.

But we're unanimous, tra la,

In stating our case thus, tra la:

The man too good for us, tra la,

Has never yet been born!

(Dance and Exeunt.)

(Enter Konobopo, R 3.)

Konobopo. At last my fondest hopes are realized! Napoopoo's doom is sealed. The Prince himself has said so. Much as I desire his daughter, yet I cannot help mistrust the Prince. He as good as admitted that he has issued this absurd love-edict to get Napoopoo out of the way. As that suited me, I said nothing. The Prince is afraid of Napoopoo. So, indeed, was I. The Prince fears that Napoopoo wants to steal his powers away from him and *I* fear Napoopoo wants to steal his daughter. Well, poor Napoopoo; it is too bad, but I fear your

goose is cooked. Heigh ho! Yet all is fair in love and war and one has sometimes to stoop low when aiming high!

No. 12. Song—Konobopo.

There's a pretty little maiden that I love—

But I fear that love is unreciprocated.

If marriages are made in Heav'n above,

Why don't they hurry up and get me mated?

I wonder why so many fellows choose a girl whose heart

Does not respond at all to his advances?

Or why a girl with such a man as I to take her part,

Should recklessly reject such splendid chances?

When a man's in love with a maiden fair,

He generally makes himself a spectacle.

Act normally he mustn't,

And he usually doesn't

Exhibit any sense that is detectable!

A man in love will gladly suffer inconvenience

Successfully to woo a girl and win her;

But when his honeymoon is spent

He finds, to his astonishment,

He thinks a great deal more about 'is dinner.

Oh, it simply shows what the whole world knows,—

That we're ne'er content with things to us allotted.

Give a man just what he seeks,

And you'll find in two short weeks,

He simply can't be happy when he's got it!

(*Exit Konobopo, R 1.*)

(*Enter Paul and Bosun Bill, L 2.*)

Paul. A pretty spot, my Jove! (*Looks around stage.*) Ha! The rendezvous of a picnic party, or I'm much mistaken.

Bill. That's nothing new. You're *very* much mistaken most of the time. It'll be the most serious mistake of your life if we don't rejoin our ship at Honolulu before she sails.

Paul. I'm not so sure of that. This land is a Paradise! (*Rapturously.*) I could end my existence here!

Bill. So could I, if starvin' to death appealed to me. The stuff they give you to eat 'round these parts 'ud disgrace a Noo York boarding-house.

Paul. Eat! (*Indignantly.*) Who wants to eat amid such glorious surroundings! How beautiful everything is—the ocean!—the mountains!—the sky! (*looking off R*)—and, by Schenectady, the *girls*!

Bill. Steady, sir, steady! Haul in yer cable an' let's weigh anchor!

Paul (*still looking off R*). My anchor is fast in the mud! How beautiful! How entrancing!

Bill (looking in the same direction). She is a pippin, at that!

(Enter Kilani, R 1. She starts as she sees them.)

Kilani (aside). Strangers! It is fate! One so beautiful, the other so hideous! What a delightful contrast! *(To Paul.)* Who are you, sir? And—*(pointing disdainfully to Bill)*—what is this with you?

Paul (bowing). Lieut. Paul C. Green, at your service. And this is Bosun Bill.

No. 13. Duet and Trio—Paul, Bill and Kilani.

Paul. Oh, I am an officer brave and true;

Bill. And I am a bosun bold.

Paul. We sailed o'er the rolling ocean blue;

Bill. Oh, how them billows rolled!

Both. Our good ship lays at anchor now
Off Honolulu Town—

We must rejoin her soon somehow
Or else we'll be done brown!

But in the meantime, here we are,
Two jolly Jack Tars so brave—
And we sing of a frolicking,
Good old rollicking

Life on the ocean wave! Tra la.
A life on the ocean wave!

Kilani. 'Tis many and many a long, long day
Since eyes like mine have seen
Such a fine immaculate man like you,
Lieutenant Paul C. Green!
But as for him—*(she indicates Bosun Bill)*—
With his aspect grim—
Though I've no cause to doubt him—
I'd rather be
Alone with thee,
And could very well do without him!

Paul (to Bill).

You'd better go, for don't you see
Your presence seems to bore us?

Bill. Aye, aye, I go! But ere I do,
We'll join in this merry chorus:

All Three.

(In us you see undoubtedly
(In them I see undoubtedly

Two jolly Jack Tars so brave;
And we (they) sing of a frolicking,
Good old rollicking
Life on the ocean wave, tra la!
A life on the ocean wave!

(*Exit Bosun Bill, R 1.*)

Paul. I don't know who you are, but I am sure I am positively in love with you.

Kilani. I 'was hoping you *might* be, sir. I am *merely* a Princess.

Paul. That doesn't worry me a bit. I'd love you just as much if you were a Queen! To me you *are* a queen!

Kilani. I have loved you, sir, ever since I have known you!

Paul. You have? And you have never confessed it until now?

(*Enter Konobopo, R 3. He stops astonished and listens.*)

Kilani. But, alas, our love is fraught with danger.

Paul. Danger?

Kilani. Yes. The Prince, my father, has issued an edict that all who fall in love must be instantly executed or instantly married.

Paul. Then let us get instantly married!

Kilani. How inconsiderate you are! I require at least six months to prepare my trousseau.

Paul. Pshaw. I forgot that. How provoking!

Kilani. (*eagerly*). Can you not seek out this Hermit of Hawaii and induce *him* to relent? He is the author of all these edicts, my father says; and poor father declares he is helpless in the matter!

Paul. I've heard something of this. Yes, I will seek him out! You shall interview him yourself. I will find him and bring him to you if I die in the attempt. (*Paul catches sight of Konobopo who is making his exit surreptitiously, R 3.*) Who was that?

Kilani (*anxiously*). Alas! I fear it was my father's favorite noble—the one he wants me to marry.

Paul. I must get busy at once. We must put an end to all this. We must bring the Hermit, willy-nilly.

Kilani. Oh, if the Three Wise Men were only here! They could advise us!

Paul. Well, where are they?

Kilani. They went to your great country, sir, a long while ago, to try and find out how to end the autocratic rule of my father. They are expected back soon. I wish they were here!

The Hermit of Hawaii

Paul. Leave it to me, heart of my heart. (*He embraces her.*) I will be gone at once to smoke out the Hermit, and all will be well!

Kilani. Alas! What is this?

(*Enter Chorus and all Principals, except Prince, Napoopoo and Konobopo.*)

No. 14. Finale.

Chorus.

Oh, what is going to happen now,—

Oh, what is coming next?

The Prince, they say, is angry,

They say the Prince is vexed!

Ah, wail-a-woe! Ah, wail-a-woe!

Takapili.

I've lived for nigh two hundred year

And seen a thing or two—

But, by my great aunt's fav'rite god,

The outlook's rather blue!

Mi Yi. Perchance at last I shall attain

The object of my passion—

Toto and Tata now will fall

For me in normal fashion!

Chorus.

Oh, what is going to happen now, (Etc.)

(*Enter Prince, with Konobopo, followed by Napoopoo with his arms tied.*)

Prince. This beach, so quiet and picturesque,

No scene like this e'er saw!

And though the notion seem grotesque,

'Tis now a Court of Law!

The evidence already I

Have heard *in camera*!

I am the judge and jury, too,—

This pris'ner to the bar!

(*Napoopoo is brought forward. Toto and*

Tata fall in each other's arms.)

What is the charge?

Konobopo.

This man—(*indicating Napoopoo*)—has dared to fall
in love

With your entrancing daughter!

I ask the Court to now pronounce

The sentence that it oughter!

Napoopoo (to Kilani).

Oh, gentle Princess, turn aside—
Give ear unto my pleading!
If thou wilt only be my bride,
I'll worship thee whate'er betide—

Kilani (to Paul). —

I hear,—but all unheeding!
(to Napoopoo).

No! No! Too late!
It might have been an hour ago,
But now—*(stretching out her hands towards Paul)*—
it is too late!

Prince (to Konobopo and pointing to Paul).

Is that the man you told me of
Who dares my daughter there to love?

Konobopo.

That is the man!

Prince. Ah, this is where I come into my own!

Two birds of prey we'll slaughter with one stone!

Paul (to Prince).

One word, your Highness, in your ear—
Though impudent it may appear.
To you I say, I say to you;
Pish-tush, O Prince! Also, Pooh-pooh!

Prince. If that is all you have to say,

Young man, in your defense,
You'd better make your will, because
You'll soon be passing hence!
Take them both, and cast them in the dungeon!
Tomorrow week they die!—
The Hermit of Hawaii
Decrees it!

(Guards seize both Napoopoo and Paul.)

Kilani (clinging to Paul).

Ah, leave me not!
Remember, love, your vow!
I cannot,—ah, I cannot live
Without you now!

Paul.

Be brave, Princess!
My promise I'll redeem—
And then, for you and me, dear heart,
Life will be one long dream!

Chorus.

Oh, wail—a—woe! Oh, wail—a—woe!

The Hermit of Hawaii

(The curtain descends slowly with the guards dragging Paul and Napoopoo back stage, while Kilani falls weeping into the arms of Toto and Tata, around whom Mi Yi hovers awkwardly. The Prince grasps Konobopo by the hand cordially, the latter all smiles. Takapili shakes his hoary locks lugubriously.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

(Scene—The Glade of the Moon. As the curtain rises a moonlit scene is revealed, with lights down. All the Chorus are on stage at opening, together with Takapili, Mi Yi, Toto and Tata.)

No. 15. Opening Chorus.

In the Glade of the Moon,
Soft, sad music we croon!
Bow low to mysterious moon, bow low—
Oh! soft, refulgent light! Aloha!
Let thy silvery beams
Bathe in glory our dreams—
O, mysterious Moon!
Sad and serious Moon!
We raise our voice and our hearts rejoice
To do homage to thee,
O Moon!

(Girls only.)

Over the rippling ocean waves,
Over the quiet Hawaiian graves—
Over the hills and far away—
Turning our night to glorious day!
Into the dingles and the dells,
Every nook thy presence tells—
Unto thy splendor
Homage we render,
Glorious Moon!

(Omnes)

Over the rippling ocean waves, (Etc.)

Invocation.

Bass Solo—One of the Chorus.

Calm the night,—

The pale moon shines bright!

Full Chorus.

Pale Moon, pale Moon, behold us, this still, calm night;
Bathed in all the soft rays of thy silv'ry light,—

Bathed in glory!

Our hearts seem to respond to thy sad, cold stare;
In the silence of silvery light that illumines,

We offer a pray'r

To the silvery Moon!

Soft winds are sighing and perfumes are vieing
To soften thy sorrow and brighten the morrow,

Fair Moon!

(During the singing of the last few lines, the Chorus slowly exits, R and L, walking backwards, with arms outstretched towards the moon. As the music dies away, the stage, still moonlit, reveals a silent figure standing in the background. He is robed in sombre garments, wears a large, slouch hat, and his white beard and grey locks are long and unkempt. As he stands leaning on a staff, the Princess Kilani enters slowly, R 1, humming the strains of "Over the rippling ocean waves," she stops suddenly on beholding the silent figure and speaks. Lights remain low.)

Kilani. (timorously). Who art thou, O mysterious patriarch!

Paul (for it is he, disguised; speaks sepulchrally). Mysterious patriarch, indeed! (Aside.) She is positively insulting! (To Kilani, who does not recognize him at all.) Knowest thou not, daughter, who I am?

Kilani. (tremulously). No, indeed, sir—though, truth to tell, I half suspect.

Paul. I am the Hermit of Hawaii!

Kilani. I bid you welcome, sir. Though how you came here is as much a mystery as you yourself are.

Paul. This is the first time I have ever visited this glade. Responding to the urgent invitation of a friend of yours, young woman, I am here!

Kilani. Young woman, indeed! Know you not, sir, that I am a Princess?

Paul. That does not feaze me. The time will come when you will say I am a Prince!

Kilani. And who sent you, sir?

Paul. I did. I mean,—Paul did.

Kilani. Ah! He has kept his word! I knew he would! How I love him for it!

Paul. Young woman, be careful! I am not so old as repute saith nor so homely as appearances would indicate!

Kilani. What mean you?

Paul. I mean that if you don't cut this interview very short, I may steal a kiss from you as well as a march on your father!

Kilani. Why, you are very human, sir, I *must* say. But, in view of your great age, I see no reason why you should stoop to theft. You do not have to *steal* a kiss, for I will gladly give you one—for Paul's sake!

Paul. Paul will appreciate it, my love! (*Kilani goes forward to kiss his cheek. The Hermit seizes her suddenly and plants a vigorous kiss on her lips. The Princess screams.*) There! I may be old, but my memory of how these things are done is unimpaired.

Kilani. Your kisses, old man, are as long as your whiskers!

Paul. Well said, pretty one! But now, what is it you want, since time is fleeting?

Kilani. Oh, sir, withdraw the lovemaking edict and save my Paul!

Paul. It shall be done. Anything else?

Kilani (*astonished at the sudden success of her plea*). No, sir. Except to thank you.

Paul. Thank me not. Give me your hand in parting. (*She gives it to him.*) Let us hope, my child, that when we meet again, you will give me your *heart* also! I will see you in the morning! (*He exits hurriedly, L. 3. Kilani sinks into a seat, overcome with wonder. Lights OUT for a few seconds. Then FULL ON suddenly. Kilani starts. She rubs her eyes.*)

Kilani. Have I been dreaming? It must be! It is broad daylight! Ah, if Paul were but here now!

No. 16. Song—Kilani.

As I lay dreaming all the night,
 Half wakeful, half asleep—
 I wondered what sweet gift I might
 Give my own love to keep!
 Oh, should it be a jewel bright,—
 Some rich and priceless gem
 Plucked in a maddened moment from
 Some royal diadem!
 Or should it be some simple thing
 That he for aye should prize?
 I pondered long, until at last
 I argued in this wise:—
 I'll give him what I know he wants,
 Something I ne'er shall miss—
 Something that he'll return, for, oh,
 I'll give my love a kiss!

For a kiss, kiss, kiss,
 With its bliss, bliss, bliss,
 Is the hardest thing to properly define—
 There's a world of meaning in it
 From the moment you begin it,—
 Oh, there's something in a kiss that's half divine!
 One can never quite tell why it
 Fascinates you, till you try it—
 And even then you can't say more than this:
 That there's something sweet that thrills you
 And with satisfaction fills you
 When you kiss, kiss, kiss!

(*Exit L 1.*)

(*Enter Mi Yi, R 3*)

Mi Yi. Gone! Everybody gone. Nobody home. I cannot seem to make any progress with either the teasing Toto or the tantalizing Tata. What a will-o'-the-wisp this love is, to be sure! (*Sighs.*) Ah me, it would have been better, perhaps, if I had never left Honolulu and my first love. After all, there's nothing like one's first love. The last shall be first and the first shall be last, 'tis said. It wouldn't surprise me if Lulu, my first love, should turn out to be my last!

No. 17. Song. Mi Yi.

Where the waters of the blue Pacific glitter in the sun,
 In Honolulu, in Honolulu,
 Of all the neat Hawaiian maids to me there is but one
 In Honolulu, in Honolulu.

I'll sail away tomorrow morn, for oh, my heart is there,
 And then I'll marry Lulu and live on without a care.
 My Honolulu Lulu is a lovely little lass,
 She's the sunshine of Honolulu.

Whenever I am by her side, how quick the moments pass
 In the sunshine of Honolulu!
 Lulu, I'm sighing for you,
 Lulu, I'm dying for you—

Not one Hawaiian maiden can compare with you for class,—
 My Honolulu Lulu is a lovely little lass.

'Tis many moons ere I have seen her sunny, winsome smile
 In Honolulu, in Honolulu;
 But though I'm far away my heart is with her all the while
 In Honolulu, in Honolulu.

I'll sail away this very day, tomorrow is too long;
 And when the sun sets in the West, I'll sing my little song:
 My Honolulu Lulu, you're a lovely little lass,
 You're the sunshine of Honolulu!

Whenever I am by your side, how quick the moments pass
 In the sunshine of Honolulu!

The Hermit of Hawaii

Lulu, I'm sighing for you,

Lulu, I'm dying for you—

Not one Hawaiian maiden can compare with you for class,—
My Honolulu Lulu is a lovely little lass!

(Exit, L 1.)

(Enter Konobopo, Toto and Tata, R 3)

Konobopo. Yes, my pets, today Napoopoo and the foreigners will pay the penalty of daring to love the Princess! It appears to me, speaking as a disinterested onlooker, that it serves them right!

Toto. Disinterested! Why, you're in love with her yourself!

Tata. Yes, and we know it!

Konobopo. I deny it, my pets. I shall not fall in love with the Princess until the 17th of May next year. Then I shall be safe.

Toto. Oh, then there's a chance for us yet!

Kono. Poor girls! I am sorry for you! But even if I don't marry the Princess and should choose one of you, the other would die an old maid!

Tata. Oh, I don't know. We could get the Prince—or the Hermit, or whatever it is—to issue an edict permitting you to marry both of us.

Kono. The gods forbid! But hark! What have we here?

(Enter Chorus, with MiYi and Takapili, singing.)

**No. 18. Chorus and Trio. Oyu, Mee Tu and Kahuna,
(with Chorus).**

Chorus. Here come the Three Wise Men,

Home at last from their quest.

Though the Wise Men usually come from the East,

These Three Wise Men come from the West!

(Enter Oyu, Mee Tu and Kahuna.)

Three Wise Men.

From the West we come,

Chorus.

(Rum-a-tummy-tummy-tum!)

Three Wise Men.

With our faces glum,

Chorus.

(With their faces glum!)

Three Wise Men.

For a Wise Man mustn't ever crack a smile,

He must act like a high-brow all the while—

From our guise you'll surmise we are wise!

From the West we come,

Chorus. (Rum-a-tummy-tummy-tum!)

Three Wise Men.

With our faces glum,

Chorus. (With their faces glum!)

Three Wise Men.

And the only reason that we now appear

Is simply this: We're here because we're here,—

Because we're here!

Omnes.

That's clear!

Hear! Hear!

Oyu. Yes, and now we're here, we intend to stay and bring this land of ours up to date.

Mee Tu. We are a hundred years behind the times.

Kahuna. We must inaugurate an enlightened policy immediately.

Konobopo. And where will you start?

Kahuna. Anywhere, so long as we get something out of it. We will be the legislators who are working ostensibly in behalf of the people, but actually and in fact in behalf of ourselves.

Mee Tu. That's the way things are run in America and nobody seems to object to it, so why should you?

Oyu. Our first step will be to curtail the powers of the Prince of Hilo, and our second to expose all this humbug in reference to that eternal pest, the Hermit of Hawaii.

All. Hurrah!

Mee Tu. We found that such things as hermits and horse-cars are out of date.

Konobopo. But the Hermit is all-powerful. We must surely consider his feelings. That is clearly our duty!

Kahuna. Stuff and nonsense! It isn't done that way in America!

No. 19. Song—(Kahuna) with Oyu, Mee Tu and Chorus.

When it's time to choose our rulers we pick men who will not fool us,

And we start to have a general election;

Oh, the candidates all tell us they are just the sort of fellers

We should look upon with pride and deep affection.

So we choose a man of honor—from that moment he's a "goner,"

For no sooner has the poor chap been elected,

Than he finds himself attacked and his character is blacked

In a manner forcible and unexpected!

But it isn't done that way in America,

In America,—oh, no!

In that broad and happy land

They will never, never stand

The Hermit of Hawaii

For anything politically low!
 When they choose a man to govern them in any kind of way,
 Whether president or governor or mayor—
 Oh, they treat him with respect in America,
 That's the custom over there!

(Chorus repeats.)

When it comes to food and rations or the latest kind of fashions,
 Oh, our ignorance is really quite tremendous;
 Truth compels us to admit it, but our ladies will not quit it,
 On the contrary, they say, "You should defend us!"
 But, for constitutions tender, well—their dress is somewhat
 slender—

And at balls their gowns grow tonier and tonier—
 Little wonder is it then, that compared with gentlemen,
 They're particularly subject to pneumonia!
 But it isn't done that way in America,

In America,—no, no!

In that broad and happy land

They will never, never stand

For anything in dress that's cut too low!

When the ladies in America attend the opera,

They don't wear much more than silly laws demand;

But when they go in to bathe in America—

Then they dress to beat the band!

(Chorus repeats.)

Toto. What a dreadful place America must be!

Tata. It must be awful. I'd love to see it!

Toto. And what are you going to do, O Wise Men, to rid us of our troubles?

The Three Wise Men (together). We are going, first of all, to denounce the Hermit of Hawaii. WOW! ! ! *(A crash is heard off-stage. Lights are flashed off and on again suddenly, and the Hermit stands confronting the Wise Men.)*

Paul. So! You would denounce me, would you? If you are indeed Wise Men, you will do as all really wise men do, and hold your tongues!

(The crowd cowers before the Hermit's rage. Enter Prince Kanopoi, followed by Princess Kilani, and Napoopoo and Bosun Bill, the two latter in chains, L 2.)

Prince (furiously). A thousand maledictions and five hundred and forty-three curses!

Konobopo. What now, your Highness?

Prince (enraged). You are to blame for this!

Konobopo (taken aback). I? For what?

Prince. That cursed American officer has escaped!

All. Escaped!

Prince. I ordered him locked up five days ago, trusting he would starve to death—

Kilani. O, cruel monster!

Prince. And when I went just now to see his emaciated body, I found it so emaciated that it had disappeared altogether! But I will wreak instant vengeance on these two! (*pointing to Napoopoo and Bosun Bill*).

Napoopoo (*haughtily*). Hasten, your Highness, and get it over with.

Bosun Bill. Cheer up, matey! (*Aside to Napoopoo*). Pipe the Hermit! He means business!

Prince. Away with them! Hurl them over the pali! Break their wretched bodies in a thousand pieces! Away with them, I say!

(*Two guards step forward, but the Hermit strides from the background, where he has been unobserved all this while by the Prince, and confronts the latter.*)

Paul. Hold!

Prince (*starting*). Who are you that dares to interfere with my will—the will of the Hermit of Hawaii himself?

Paul. O unobservant Prince, thou hast seen me often in thy dreams. (*Prince starts again.*) Many and many a time hast thou issued thy commands after receiving my messages! (*Prince staggers back and holds up his hands in amazement. Konobopo supports him.*) Knowest thou me not, then? Knowest thou not the Hermit of Hawaii in the flesh as well as in your dreams, O Prince?

Prince. YOU! The Hermit of Hawaii!

Konobopo. Courage, your Highness. He's not going to hurt you.

Prince (*falteringly, to Konobopo*). But, Konobopo, I don't understand! There never was any Hermit. I *invented* him myself * * * * for my own purposes! Yet here he is—the invention of my mind has materialized and I am undone!

Konobopo. Well, don't let him do you *up*, your Highness!

Paul (*sternly*). Prince, you will withdraw your edict at once!

Prince (*trembling*). I will, O Hermit!

Paul. You will release these prisoners immediately. (*Pointing to Napoopoo and Bosun Bill.*)

Prince. It shall be done, O Hermit! (*The guards release the prisoners.*)

Paul. You shall give your daughter, the Princess Kilani, to whomever *she* may choose for a husband!

The Hermit of Hawaii

Prince. Yes, yes, O Hermit!

(*Konobopo steps eagerly towards Kilani, who turns away impatiently, runs to Bosun Bill and whispers to him. Bosun Bill shakes his head lugubriously.*)

Paul. It is a tradition of these Islands that when a man lives to be as old as I, he does not die but simply dries up and is blown away!

Toto and Tata. Oh, he's going to dry up at last!

Paul. But I will reverse the process entirely! I will become young again! (*He snatches off hat, wig and beard, tears off the robe he is wearing, and stands revealed in his uniform as Lieut. Paul C. Green.*)

Kilani. It is PAUL! (*Rushes to him and is clasped to his breast.*)

Prince. This is both annoying and irregular!

Kilani. Where have you been, my love?

Paul. To Honolulu, sweetheart. You are all free to do as you please! There's no Hermit, no edicts, no humbug, no Prince!

Prince. "No Prince," did you say, young man?

Paul (*triumphantly*). No! Your islands and everybody and everything in 'em have been annexed by the good old U. S. A.!

All. Hurrah! (*During the cheering, the crowd rushes off, R and L, to spread the news, followed by all the Principals in confusion, except Paul and Kilani.*)

No. 20. Duet—Paul and Kilani.

Paul. Tell me, Princess, and tell me quickly,
Who your choice for a husband is?

Kilani. Ah, what need have you to ask me!
All I have in the world is his!

Paul. In your eyes I can read my answer,
There's no need for your lips to speak!

Kilani. Try and guess, if but you can, sir—
What it is my lips would seek!

Paul. What is it, love?

Kilani. Ah, can't you guess?

Paul. Ah, can I guess! Why,—yes!

(*Together*)

'Tis a kiss, kiss, kiss,
With its bliss, bliss, bliss; (*business of kissing*)
'Tis the hardest thing to properly define!
But there's lots of meaning in it

From the moment you begin it— (*business*)
Oh, there's something in a kiss that's half divine!
One can never quite tell why it
Fascinates you, till you try it—
And even then you can't say more than this:—
That there's something sweet that thrills you
And with satisfaction fills you
When you kiss, kiss, kiss! (*business*)

(*Enter Toto and Tata, running, R 1, followed slowly by Mi Yi.*)

Toto. It's all settled!

Tata. Yes, *we* settled them!

Kilani (*smiling*). Whom?

Toto. Napoopoo!

Tata. Konobopo!

(*Enter Napoopoo and Konobopo, gloomily.*)

Napoopoo (*ruefully*). Released from the frying-pan, I must needs slip into the fire! If I cannot have the Princess, I can at least make it miserable for *you*! (*He approaches Toto.*)

Toto (*ecstatically*). Oh, I shall be perfectly *happy* to be miserable with you!

(*During this dialogue, the Chorus enter slowly in two's, conversing. Finally the Prince and Takapili enter together, R 1.*)

Konobopo. Come, Tata, I will try and put up with you!

Tata. You don't have to put up with me! Just put me up! (*She joins him.*)

Mi Yi. As for me, deserted by my hopes, I will return to my *nets*. (*Turning towards audience*). Thank the gods, there are as many good fish in the sea as ever were hooked out of it!

No. 21. Finale.

(*Full Chorus and Principals*)

Over the rippling ocean waves, (Etc.)

Paul. Our good ship lays at anchor now
Off Honolulu Town;

Kilani. Before she sails, I must somehow
Procure a wedding gown!

(*Omnes.*)

But in the meantime, we're resolved
Our voices we will not save
As we sing of a frolicking,
Good old rollicking
Life on the ocean wave, *tra la*!
A life on the ocean wave!

(END OF OPERA)

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